

*Hof.* Pardon, Guest-Justice; a Mounseur Mock-water.

*Cai.* Mock-water? vat is dat?

*Hof.* Mock-water, in our English tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

*Cai.* By gar, then I have as much Mock-water as de Englishman: scurvy-lack-dog-Priest: by gar, mee vill cut his eares.

*Hof.* He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

*Cai.* Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

*Hof.* That is, he will make thee amends.

*Cai.* By-gar, me doe looke hee shall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill haue it.

*Hof.* And I will prouoke him to 't, or let him wag.

*Cai.* Me tanck you for dat.

*Hof.* And moreover, (Bully) but first, Mr. Ghueft, and Mr. Page, & ecke Canaleiro Slender, goe you through the Towne to Frogmore.

*Page.* Sir Hugh is there, is he?

*Hof.* He is there, see what humor he is in: and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it doe well?

*Shal.* We will doe it.

*All.* Adieu, good M. Doctor.

*Cai.* By-gar, me vill kill de Priest, for he speake for a lack-an-Ape to Anne Page.

*Hof.* Let him die: sheath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with mee through Frogmore, I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a Farm-house a Feasting: and thou shalt wooe her: Crude-game, said I well?

*Cai.* By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I loue you: and I shall procure a you de good Guest: de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

*Hof.* For the which, I will be thy aduocary toward Anne Page: said I well?

*Cai.* By-gar, 'tis good: vell said.

*Hof.* Let vs wag then.

*Cai.* Come at my heeles, lack Rugby.

*Exeunt.*

### Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Evans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hof, Caius, Rugby.*

*Evans.* I pray you now, good Master Slenders scruting-man, and friend Simple by your name; which way haue you look'd for Master Caius, that calls himselfe Doctor of Phisicke.

*Sim.* Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward: every way: olde Windsor way, and every way but the Towne-way.

*Evans.* I most fecheently desire you, you will also looke that way.

*Sim.* I will sir.

*Evans.* Plesse my soule: how full of Chollors I am, and trempling of minde: I shall be glad if he haue deceiued me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues cottard, when I haue good opportunities for the orke: Plesse my soule: To shallow Runers to whose falls: melodious birds sing Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Roses: and a thousand fragrant posies. To shallow: Mercie on mee, I haue a great disposition to cry.

*Melodious birds sing Madrigalls: — When as I sat in Babylon: and a thousand vagrant Posies. To shallow, &c.*

*Sim.* Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

*Evans.* Hee's welcome: To shallow Runers, to whose falls: Heaven prosper the right: what weapons is he?

*Sim.* No weapons, Sir: there comes my Master, Mr. Shallow, and another Gentleman; from Frogmore, ouer the stile, this way.

*Evans.* Pray you giue mee my gowne, or else keepe it in your armes.

*Shal.* How now Master Parson? good morrow good Sir Hugh: keepe a Gamester from the dice, and a good Student from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

*Slender.* Ah sweet Anne Page.

*Page.* Saue you, good Sir Hugh.

*Evans.* Plesse you from his mercy-sake, all of you.

*Shal.* What? the Sword, and the Word?

*Do.* You study them both, Mr. Parson?

*Page.* And youthfull still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rumaticke day?

*Evans.* There is reasons, and causes for it.

*Page.* We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr. Parson.

*Evans.* Fery-well: what is it?

*Page.* Yonder is a most reuerend Gentleman; who (be-like) hauing receiued wrong by some person, is at most odds with his owne grauity and patience, that euer you saw.

*Shal.* I haue liued foure-score yeeres, and upward: I neuer heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, so wide of his owne respect.

*Evans.* What is he?

*Page.* I thinke you know him: Mr. Doctor Caius the renowned French Physician.

*Evans.* Got's-will, and his passion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a messe of porridge.

*Page.* Why?

*Evans.* He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*, and hee is a knaue besides: a cowardly knaue, as you would desire to be acquainted withall.

*Page.* I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with him.

*Slender.* O sweet Anne Page.

*Shal.* It appeares so by his weapons: keepe them a funder: here comes Doctor Caius.

*Page.* Nay good Mr. Parson, keepe in your weapon.

*Shal.* So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

*Hof.* Disarme them, and let them question: let them keepe their limbs whole, and hack our English!

*Cai.* I pray you let a-mee speake a word with your care: wherefore vill you not meet a-me?

*Evans.* Pray you vie your patience in good time.

*Cai.* By-gar, you are de Coward: de lack dog: Iohn Ape.

*Evans.* Pray you let vs not be laughing-stocks to other mens humors: I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your Vrinall about your knaues Cogs-combe.

*Cai.* Diable: lack Rugby: mine Hof de larteer: haue I nor flay for him, to kill him? haue I not at deplace I did appoint?

*Evans.* As I am a Christians soule, now looke you: this is the place appointed. He bee iudgement by mine Hof of the Garter.

*Hof.* Peace, I say, Gallie and Gaul, French & Welsh, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

*Cai.* I,

*Cai.* I, dat is very good, excellent.

*Hof.* Peace, I say: heare mine Hof of the Garter, Am I politike? Am I subtle? Am I a Machiuell?

*Shal.* I loofe my Doctor? No, hee giues me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I loofe my Parson? my Priest? my Sir Hugh? No, he giues me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbs. Giue me thy hand (Celestiall) so: Boyes of Art, I haue decei'd you both: I haue directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skinnies are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the issue: Come, lay their swords to pawne: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

*Shal.* Trust me, a mad Hof: follow Gentlemen, follow.

*Slender.* O sweet Anne Page.

*Cai.* Ha'do I perceiue dat? Haue you make-a-de-sot of vs, ha, ha?

*Evans.* This is well, he has made vs his vlowting-flog: I desire you that we may be friends: and let vs knog our praines together to be reuenge on this fame scall-scurvy-cogging-companion the Hof of the Garter.

*Cai.* By gar, with all my heart: he promise to bring me where is Anne Page: by gar he deceiue me too.

*Evans.* Well, I will imite his noddles: pray you follow.

### Scena Secunda.

*Mist. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hof, Evans, Caius.*

*Mist. Page.* Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your masters heeles?

*Rob.* I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarf. (Courten.)

*M. Pa.* O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'll be a Ford. Well met mistress Page, whether go you?

*M. Pa.* Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home?

*Ford.* I, and as idle as the may hang together for want of company: I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

*M. Pa.* Be sure of that, two other husbands.

*Ford.* Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

*M. Pa.* I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you cal your Knights name *Rob. Sir Iohn Falstaffe.* (firrah?)

*Ford.* Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

*M. Pa.* He, he, I can neuer hit on's name; there is such a league betweene my Goodman, and he: is your Wife at Ford. Indeed she is. (home indeed?)

*M. Pa.* By your leave sir, I am sicke till I see her.

*Ford.* Has Page any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no vie of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as easie, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelue score: hee peeces out his wiues inclination: he giues her folly, motion and aduantage: and now she's going to my wife, & Falstaffes boy with her: A man may heare this shewre sing in the winde; and Falstaffes boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our reuolted wiues share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vail of modestie from the so-seeming Mist. Page, divulge Page himselfe for a secure and

wilfull *Alteon*, and to neighbors shall cry ains and my assurance bids *Staffe*: I shall be rather it is as possitiue, as the there: I will go.

*Shal.* Page, &c. Well.

*Ford.* Trust me, a good home, and I pray you al

*Shal.* I must excuse

*Slender.* And so must I

We haue appointed to And I would not break Then he speake of.

*Shal.* We haue linger Page, and my cozen *Slender* our answer.

*Slender.* I hope I haue y

*Page.* You haue Mr. *Shal*

But my wife (Mr. Doctor

*Cai.* I be-gar, and de

a-Quickly tell me so mu

*Hof.* What say you

he dances, he has eies of speakes holliday, he smel he will carry 't, 'tis in his

*Page.* Not by my consi

man is of no hauing, hee

Prince, and *Paintz*: he is

too much: no, hee shall

with the finger of my sub

take her simply: the wea

and my consent goes not

*Ford.* I beseech you h

with me to dinner: befidi

sport, I will shew you a n

go, so shall you Mr. *Page*, a

*Shal.* Well, fare you w

We shall haue the freer w

*Can.* Go home Iohn R

*Hof.* Farewell my hea

*Falstaffe.* and drinke Cana

*Ford.* I thinke I shall

him, he make him dance.

*All.* Haue with you, to

### Scena

*Enter M. Ford, M. Page,*

*Ford, Page, C*

*Mist. Ford.* What Iohn

*M. Page.* Quickly, qui

*Mist. Ford.* I warrant.

*Mist. Page.* Come, com

*Mist. Ford.* Heere, set it

*M. Pa.* Giue your men

*M. Ford.* Marrie, as I to

be ready here hard-by in t

dainly call you, come forth

staggering take this bask

trudge with it in all hast,

sters in *Dorchester* Mead, and

ditch, close by the Thame

*M. Page.* You will do

*M. Ford.* I ha told thea